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NEMO'S ALMANAC 2022

Incorporating HIDE AND SEEK

A literary competition in its 131st year

Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—

Edited by Ian Patterson
Price £4.00

NEMO'S ALMANAC 2022
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RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work, and where appropriate stanza or line number or number of chapter, canto, book, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references, including a printed source. Incomplete answers, guesses, hazards, and bows drawn at a venture will receive marks on their merits. Marks will not be awarded for googling, although online resources may be used. Extra marks may be given for answers found only by one or two competitors, and also for exceptionally good, interesting, or otherwise learned or entertaining answers, at the Editor's discretion.
2. The Prizes are cheques in amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac. No competitor may take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year after three consecutive winning years.
3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written, leaving a good margin for marks (*mutatis mutandis* if emailing). Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry must reach the Editor not later than 5 September 2022. Please mark your entry 'NEMO'. Entries may also be submitted by email to nemo@nemosalmanac.com.
4. If an appropriately sized and adequately stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed, entries will be returned with an answer sheet.
5. A pseudonym may be used, but prize-winners' actual names may be published.
6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation. I hope.
7. The Editor's decision is final in every case. Except when he adds the marks up wrong.

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JANUARY

1.
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,
Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.

2.
The crab, the archer, the man with the water-pot—there is not a sign in the zodiac which has not its patronised malady, there is death, thought Henry, staring up past the spire, death in the firmament. Prioress, priest, bailiff, they were all growing old in this midsummer air.

3.
How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;

4.
I heard Scorpion whet his knife,
I feared Archer (taut his bow),
Goat's horns were threat,
would climb high? then fall low;
across the abyss
the Waterman waited

5.
"Now come over here, sonny, and I'll show you the signs of the Zodiac. When were you born?" Miguel looked blank. "What month?" said Tom.

6.
Last, of the Sunne, that he no point may lacke,
Warre has found out a rare new Zodiacke,
With signes of selfe-same names, in which the Sunne
Does in his euerlasting Progresse runne.

FEBRUARY

1
When I found her little turquoise scarf
I got a pair of scissors from the drawer,
split her little turquoise jungles open
and sent her parrots screeching to the door.

2
A tangle of black film
Squirming like bait upon the floor of my mind
And scissors clicking daily. I am inclined
To pick these pictures now but will hold back...

3
A square, squat room (a cellar on promotion),
Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight;
Plasters astray in unnatural-looking tinware;
Scissors and lint and apothecary's jars.

4
I discover'd a Locker with Drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three Razors, and one Pair of large Sizzers, with some ten or a dozen of good Knives and Forks

5
And from her apron strings she'll often pull
Her sissars out an early bunch to cull
For flower pots on the window board to stand
Where the old hour glass spins its thread of sand

6
The Boxes and Books
For your Lines and your Hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your Scissors, and your Hone
To adjust your points on,
With a Net to be sure for your landing.

MARCH

1
"What happened to the—wha' d'you call it?" said Olivia drunkenly.
"No, not that, the—"
"Olivia's asleep. Come on up, Olivia. You can't go to sleep here"
"Can't I ..." She got up suddenly. "Look, it's nearly four o'clock."

2
At four o'clock we reached Blonduos, a one-horse sort of place, where we were to have lunch. Everyone clattered off to their respective lavatories and then down to the dining-room, where I was lucky to arrive early enough to get a real chair instead of a bench. The first course was rice and raisins and ginger. I could have wept, I was so hungry.

3
At four o'clock I shoulder axe
And in the afterglow
I link a line of shadowy tracks
Across the tinted snow.

4
The wind sprang up at four o'clock
The wind sprang up and broke the bells
Swinging between life and death

5
He is Dead.
Like Ignacio the bullfighter,
At four o'clock in the afternoon.
At precisely four o'clock.

6
Why does Hawthorne give us the afternoon hour later than anyone else? — Oh, late, late, quite uncannily late, and as if it were always winter outside?

APRIL

set by 'The Pip'

1
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
Their ancient promise had been fair:
I would have vengeance now.

2
I ate the ham and eggs and drank the beer. The ham and eggs were in a round dish—the ham underneath and the eggs on top. It was very hot and at the first mouthful I had to take a drink of beer to cool my mouth.

3
A more reckless cracking of eggs than that which went on now had never been known in Overton since the last large christening; and as Loveday gashed one on the side, another at the end, another longways, he acquired adroitness by practice, and at last made every son of a hen of them fall into two hemispheres as neatly as if opened by a hinge.

4
And, here, inside a silver egg criss-crossed by a lattice of amethyst chips, she found, to her incredulous delight, nothing less than a model train - an engine, in black enamel, and one, two, three, four first-class carriages in tortoiseshell and ebony, all coiled round one another like a snake, with, engraved on the side of each in Cyrillic, the legend The Trans-Siberian Express.
"I'll have that one!" she cried, reaching in greedily.

5
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;

6
He had a large paunch which he carried behind a waistcoat of opalescent chinese silk, and to Anna's view he made the shape of a boiled egg, which she might have been looking down on at the breakfast table - a boiled egg in a neat little chinoiserie egg cosy.

MAY

1
But here tranquillity is what one thinks.
The fire burns as the novel taught it how.

2
Imogen was true, but how was she rewarded? Her lord believed her to be the paramour of the first he who came near her in his absence. Desdemona was true and was smothered. Ophelia was true and went mad. There is no happiness in love, except at the end of an English novel.

3
"Marxism has nothing to do with what I'm talking about. I'm talking about Naturalism. I'm in favour of Naturalism. I write that way myself. All I want to make clear is that it's just a way of writing a novel like any other, just as contrived, just as selective. Do you call Hemingway's impotent good guy naturalistic? Think what Dostoevsky would have made of him."

4
"If I understand you aright—said Charlotte—our taste in Novels is not at all the same."

5
"With a couple of hundred pounds I shall be able to carry through the first year very well; after that I have little doubt my pen will support me, as it is doing with several Oxbridge men now in town. I have a tragedy, a comedy, and a novel, all nearly finished, and for which I can't fail to get a price."

6
"My line won't be novels; I have failed in that direction, I'm not cut out for the work. It's a pity, of course; there's a great deal of money in it. But I have plenty of scope. In ten years, I repeat, I shall be making my thousand a year."

JUNE

1

The heat was too great for the birds to be singing; only now and then might one hear the wood-pigeons in the trees beyond the Ashfield. The cattle stood knee-deep in the pond, flicking their tails about to keep off the flies. The minister stood in the hayfield, without hat or cravat, coat or waistcoat, panting and smiling.

2

Echo no more returns the sandy sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grashopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead.

3

The forks shine white in the sun round the yellow red-wheeled wain,
Where the mountain of hay grows fast; and now from out of the lane
Comes the ox-team drawing another, comes the bailiff and the beer,
And thump, thump, goes the farmer's nag o'er the narrow bridge of the weir.

4

In the field sloping down,
Park-like, to where its willows showed the brook,
Haymakers rested. The tosser lay forsook
Out in the sun; and the long waggon stood
Without its team:

5

The horses are untackled, the chattering machine
Is still at last. If she would come
We could gather up the dry hay from
The hill-brow, and lie quite still

6

A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June: ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud;

JULY

1
It was on Sunday the 12th April I saw
The figure of William Blake bright and huge
Hung over the Thames at Sonning.

2
A broad band of clay soil stretches from the Gloucestershire border near Lechlade across Oxfordshire as far as the Buckinghamshire border before Bicester. The River Thames flows eastward through this clay country, and a few miles before it reaches Oxford, where it turns south, it runs for some distance beside a belt of mixed woodland where it forms the boundary of Nettleby Park

3
Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
  Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
    The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
  The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
    The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?

4
Remove them to a room. And sit, forget
  the city-licking sound
 of water moving slowly through the Thames
  like years in thought.

5
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill

6
An English meadow, early in the morning.
The Thames has whispered through another night
And now the sun is coming out and touching
The water and the grass with summer light.

AUGUST

set by Laurence Inman

1
He answered every letter within an hour or so of receiving it. He answered letters that needed no answer, thanking people who thanked him for a present, so that, when he encountered anyone as punctilious as himself, a correspondence was likely to start which ended only in death.

2
How many years since both of us owed letters?
Let's offer the usual excuses –
Marriage, of course, wives don't get on,
The housing-shortage,
railway fares, etc.,
Weak putting-off, sheer bloody laziness.

3
'The sea shines from a clear sky. But twelve o'clock brings neither rain nor sunshine. It is the hour when Miss Johnson brings me my letters in a wire tray. Upon these white sheets I indent my name.'

4
Well, it is the strangest letter that ever I read.
Is this the man, my son so oft hath praised
To be the happiest, and most precious wit
That ever was familiar with Art ?

5
She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips comprest,
And gave my letters back to me.

6
The bill unpaid, the dead letter...

SEPTEMBER

1
Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian

2
"Cook's gone! I can't find her anywhere, and there's no dinner ready. She hasn't taken her box nor yet her outdoor things. She just ran out to see the time, I shouldn't wonder—the kitchen clock never did give her satisfaction—and she's got run over or fell down in a fit as likely as not."

3
"and here, J——, is a dish upon which I will stake my credit as an experienced caterer—a Charlotte de pommes—upon my reputation it is a fine one, the crust is browned to a turn, and the rich apricot sweet-meat lies ensconced in the middle, like a sleeping babe in its cradle. If ever man deserved a peerage and a pension it is this cook."
"It's werry delicious—order another."

4
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair.

5
I ask how she knows? Cook merely repeats that it is All Over the Village, and that Miss Barbara will quite like as not be married by special licence and old Mrs B is in such a way as never was. Am disconcerted to find that Cook and I have been talking our heads off for forty minutes before I remember that gossip is both undignified and undesirable.

6
"Perhaps," she said, feeling anxiously about the incriminated cook, "the real cause then would be a fault in her upbringing, I mean he may have lately married a young woman whose mother had not taught her cooking."
"Oh, you can't go back further than the cook," said Mr Corrie finally.

OCTOBER

1

Though Love is my torment, what matter!
I've still such a thing as a rummer of claret.
Claret, claret,
A rummer of claret

2

Finally, Old Methuselah being unavailable, he ordered a claret from about the middle of the list. "Let's 'ave some of this," he said. He knew claret was a good sort of wine.

3

I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.

4

Life Scums the Cream of Beauty with Times Spoon,
And draws the Claret-wine of Blushes soon,
Then Boyls it in a Skillet clean of Youth,
And thicks it well with crumbled Bread of Truth;

5

"Do you remember when you came on leave and all I'd got was three bottles of what I thought was undrinkable claret? Bought it for one and nine a bottle in an auction — twelve cases: I'd taken to giving it as wedding presents it was so bloody awful — and we got those three bottles up and they were absolutely superb!"

6

My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, &c. &c. than my stay would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my head and tears in my eyes;

NOVEMBER

1
I have defined Ladies as people who did not do things themselves.
Aunt Etty was most emphatically such a person. She told me, when
she was eighty-six, that she had never made a pot of tea in her life;
and that she had never in all her days been out in the dark alone, not
even in a cab; and I don't believe she had ever travelled by train
without a maid.

2
Now I am old I tend my mother's sister
The noble aunt who so long tended us,
Faithful and True her name is. Tranquil.
Also Sardonic. And I tend the house.

3
Some nieces won't, some nieces can't
Imbibe instruction from an aunt.

4
Her feet were waving in the air—
But I shall not proceed.
Here ends the story of my Aunt
And her ungrateful weed.

5
But I refused him; though my aunt did say
"That it was an advantage thrown away;"—
(He an advantage!)—"that she'd make me rue it—
Make me a nun—" I'd like to see her do it!

6
Show me an aunt, I've often said, and I will show someone who
doesn't give a hoot how much her obiter dicta may wound a nephew's
sensibilities

DECEMBER

1
He refused all offers of assistance, collected a bottle of brandy from the larder, and retired to his room, where, on his instructions, Lugaretzia built a huge fire. He sat muffled in bed, sneezing and consuming brandy. By lunch-time he sent down for another bottle, and at tea-time we could hear him singing lustily, interspersed with gigantic sneezes.

2
It's the kind that smells of burnt test tubes when you push the plunger down, and then makes you sneeze compulsively, sending your heart into wild arhythmic flurries, reminiscent of the worst passages of Pound's Cantos.

3
"What!" she said. "Isn't it worth it, to see me for half an hour? Think how much you can see of me in half an hour. I sneeze, I open and close my eyes, I stand up, I sit down, I walk, I talk! Even if you lost ten hours' work, wouldn't it be worth it for half an hour of me?"

4
"Lonely? Oh, no. What I need," he said, with a thrill of longing that almost brought tears to his eyes, like a cough, a sneeze, some irrepressible physical commotion, "is a bit of a rest."

5
If there was any suffering it was endured vicariously by Mrs Lethbury, whose temperature rose and fell with the patient's, who could not hear Jane sneeze without visions of a marble angel weeping over a broken column.

6.
Pavement slipp'ry, people sneezing,
Lords in ermine, beggars freezing;
Titled gluttons dainties carving,
Genius in a garret starving.

NEMO 2021 Answers

COVER: Jerome K. Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat*, Ch. 19

JANUARY
1 Louis MacNeice, *Autumn Sequel*, Canto XVII, ll. 27-32
2 James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Ch 12 (Cyclops)
3 Robert Browning, 'Of Pacchiarotto...', XXV, ll. 469-473
4 Ted Hughes, 'Sparrow', ll. 13-16
5 John Betjeman, 'Eunice', ll. 21-22
6 Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, III, v [Cob]

FEBRUARY
1 Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, act II, sc. iii [Maria]
2 Basil Bunting, 'First Book of Odes', 12, ll. 9-12
3 W B Yeats, 'She turns the dolls' faces to the wall', ll. 5-9
4 Ogden Nash, 'What's the Use?' (complete poem)
5 Adrienne Rich, 'Blood-Sister' (for Cynthia), ll. 14-16
6 Graham Swift, *Mothering Sunday: A Romance*, pp. 57-8

MARCH
1 George Szirtes, 'The Metro', II, ll.14-18
2 H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*, Ch. XVIII
3 W H Auden, 'Letter to Lord Byron', Part IV, stanza 23
4 Graham Greene, *The Confidential Agent*, Part One, 3
5 Christopher Logue, 'To My Fellow Artists', ll. 101-105
6 Robert Herrick, 'The frozen Zone: or, Julia disdainfull', ll. 5-6

APRIL
1 Miss Mitford, *Our Village*: 'The Copse'
2 Seamus Heaney, 'Out of Shot', ll. 1-4
3 Alasdair Maclean, 'I hate summer in the north', ll. 1-5
4 P. B. Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, II, iv [Asia]
5 George Chapman, *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii [Monsieur]
6 Anna Kavan, *Ice*, One

MAY
1 Henry Green, *Doting*, pp. 3-4
2 Coventry Patmore, *The Victories of Love*, Book I, ll. 1700-1703
3 William Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iii [Mistress Page]
4 Denise Levertov, 'Stepping Westward', ll. 26-32
5 John Gay, *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, III, ll. 56-58
6 Oliver Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, iv [Tony Lumpkin]

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1 Laurie Lee, *Cider With Rosie*, Ch.1
2 John Skelton, 'Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell', Occupacyoun to Skelton, (ll. 533-537)
3 Emily Dickinson, #861, ll. 1-2 [also numbered #905 in some editions]
4 George Meredith, 'The Lark Ascending', ll. 1-5
5 William Shenstone, 'The Sky-Lark', ll. 1-4
6 Virginia Woolf, *Diary*, 16 June, 1938

JULY
1 Wallace Stevens, 'A Primitive Like an Orb', st iv, ll. 3-5
2 Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Ch. XVII
3 W. S. Graham, 'A Note to the Difficult One', ll. 1-5
4 Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, Ch. XII
5 Hugh MacDiarmid, *In Memoriam James Joyce*, ll. 49-53
6 Iris Murdoch, *A Word Child*, [Ch.1] 'Thursday', p. 22

AUGUST
1 Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son*, Ch.VI
2 John Montague, 'Sea Changes', ll. 1-5
3 L.P. Hartley, *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, Ch. 2
4 Stevie Smith, 'Archie and Tina', ll. 8-12
5 Hugh Sykes Davies, *Petron*, 7
6 Cyril Connolly, *The Rock Pool*, I

SEPTEMBER
1 Nathaniel Hawthorne, *English Note-Books* cited in *The Oxford Book of Oxford*
2 Arthur Hugh Clough, 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich', ll. 86-89
3 Max Beerbohm, *Zuleika Dobson, or an Oxford Love Story*, Ch. 22
4 Thomas Chatterton, Fables for the Court. 'The Shepherds', ll. 71-74
5 Anne Stevenson, 'Dreaming of (More) Spires', ll. 1-46
6 Benjamin Disraeli, *Coningsby*, Book VII, Ch.1

OCTOBER
Oscar Wilde, 'Humanitad', ll. 49-54
Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, Ch. 2, 'Nicholas Hoel'
Barbara Kingsolver, *Prodigal Summer*, Ch. 9
Amy Lowell: 'The Cremona Violin', Part Third, ll. 81-86
Byron, *Mazeppa*, ll. 482-483
Abraham Cowley, 'The Country-Mouse', ll. 15-17

NOVEMBER
1 Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 'The Common Fate of Books', ll. 1-4
2 Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, Ch. VIII
3 Anne Bronte, The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, Vol 1, Ch. XVIII
4 Veronica Forrest-Thomson, 'Cordelia, or a poem should not mean but be', ll. 203-6
5 Eavan Boland, 'The Bottle Garden', ll. 17-20
6 Jackie Kay, 'Dear Library', 2 (quoted in Ali Smith, *Public Library and other stories*)

DECEMBER
1 Herman Melville, *The Confidence-Man*, Ch. XLV
2 A. Conan Doyle, 'The Blue Carbuncle', *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
3 Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 'The Goose', ll. 9-12
4 Richard Steele, *The Spectator*, No 376, Monday, May 12, 1712
5 H. D., *The Flowering of the Rod*, III
6 D. H. Lawrence, 'Goose Fair', *The Prussian Officer and other stories*

Marks and Prizes 2021

First Prize	
'Gli Amici'	738
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Michael Webb-Ingalls	720
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Pam Thompson	655
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REMARKS

Kenneth Thornton, editor of *Hide and Seek* and doyen of both literary quizzes, died on Friday 5 March 2021. *Hide and Seek*, like *Nemo's Almanac* 'a yearly anthology of quotations for competition', was started only a few years later than *Nemo*, in 1897. When Ruth Aspinall, editor for 45 years, retired at the age of 89 in 2012, she explained that the competition, which had been started by her great aunt, had remained in the family for 115 years, 'but unfortunately the next generation have no interest in poetry.' With its future in the balance, it was very fortunate that Kenneth Thornton was willing to take it on. He edited it for a decade with imagination, style, and erudition, worrying about declining numbers of subscriptions but determined to carry on, considering ways to advertise it, always hoping to attract new enthusiasts. The next edition was to have been a special celebratory one, marking the 125th issue, but cancer prevented that. After his diagnosis, he wrote to me to ask if I'd be prepared to incorporate *Hide and Seek* into *Nemo*, which I was delighted to be able to do, though sad that there will no longer be an alternative source of frustration, and a quiz which each editor of the other quiz can take part in.

The following notes on Kenneth's life have been kindly contributed by his friend, Ruth Harper who writes:

'Kenneth was a kind, wise, humble and gentle man, with a lovely sense of humour. He was born in Canada but had made the UK his home for around 50 years. He was a Methodist Minister and carried out his ministry at various churches throughout the UK; retiring to Glasgow 14 years ago. He was a wonderful communicator and was loved by everyone in the churches he served; his love and trust in God and his goodness shining through.

Kenneth's huge passion in life was books. He was exceptionally well read and one room of his flat in Glasgow had been turned into a library. Not for him modern technology .. or even a TV set! He read; listened to the radio and was a prolific letter writer, with beautiful hand writing - always knowing exactly the right thing to say (.. and always in an amusing manner, when appropriate!) He also had a great skill in managing to find exactly the right card to send for whatever occasion, and exactly the right thing to say in it - and I think it is this, along with his wisdom, that his many friends will miss the most. He loved to travel around Scotland and other parts of the UK, particularly Edinburgh; Wigtown and Cumbria, visiting second hand book shops and frequently returning triumphantly with (another!) book he had been looking for or had been delighted to find. Taking over as Editor of *Hide and Seek* had been a real and huge pleasure for him and he found great joy in putting each year's issue together, then in receiving and sending letters to and from those who had taken part. I know he felt this had enriched his life and that he had met many new people who had become friends. Kenneth had been so looking forward to the 125th Edition of *Hide and Seek* and it is, therefore, lovely that he will be remembered in it, in some way.

Kenneth's other passion was Venice. He absolutely loved the city and its people and would have loved to have lived there. For many years he took an apartment once or twice a year and had various friends come to stay for part of each visit - taking great delight in showing them the sights and sounds of 'his' city that only a 'local' like him would know! Those of us that had been all had the same stories of a wonderful holiday.

Kenneth also had a deep sense of social justice and was not afraid to speak up for what he believed. He spent many hours delivering leaflets for his local Liberal Democrat party and helping in any way he could; and was a member of the local Forth and Clyde Canal Society, again spending many weekends litter-picking and cleaning the canal. He also adored cows ... crediting this love with him being a lifelong vegetarian and latterly, vegan.'

*

Well, we all know it was a strange year, last year, with many libraries closed or hard to access, so I was heartened that so many entries were so good. April 3 turned out to be the most difficult quotation, but even that was identified by several people. My apologies for the unexpected increase in format (and small typeface), which were a result of a new printer and inadequate communication on my part. Apologies too for omitting a few words from the Virginia Woolf extract, June 6. And I suppose that October 6 (Cowley's 'Country Mouse'), being 'A Paraphrase upon Horace 2 Book, Satyr. 6', could fall under the rubric of translation, but I thought it was widely enough anthologised in its own right to escape exclusion on those grounds. Several people commented that some of the writers quoted were new to them, but that seems to me to be part of the purpose and the pleasure of *Nemo*, introducing novelists or poets previously unencountered. It does make it harder to track them down, of course...but then the attendant frustration is a kind of fun, too.

Another word of clarification about the internet: simply typing quotes into Google will usually provide answers, but won't get any marks. Using the internet to check a hunch, a suspicion, or a guess, though, is permissible. There is a range of databases, some available through libraries or by subscription, some like Internet Archive or Gutenberg.org, free to use, on which you can find the texts of whole books available to read. Searching by author's name usually turns up something useable.

Finally, my thanks to all of you for your entries, letters, orders, comments, and generous overpayments—all of which not only help keep *Nemo* going, they also help keep me enthused and committed. I'm hoping to be able to get my books out of store, finally, in February, when the builders have finished making the library. Eighteen months without them makes my life difficult and makes setting *Nemo* even more so. Fingers crossed for better times in 2022.

Mermaid Books

Looking for wandering literary
snarks and boojums?

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2022 NEMO OUT QUITE SHORTLY

"Richard has improved. You are right," said Sally. "I shall go and talk to him. I need to know his secret. He has never found so many Nemo answers before, and he has been attempting it for over twenty years."

"I will come," said Peter, "I can never recognise any of those quotations myself." He sat on for a moment. What is this terror? what is this ecstasy? he thought to himself. What is it that fills me with extraordinary excitement?

It is Nemo, he said. It is the new issue of Nemo.

For there it was, in Clarissa's hand.

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